HOW THEY RUSH TO THE FAIR.

THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE WELL-KNOWN CONGRESSMAN. It Is One Thing to Get to Chiengo, and

Sights and Incidents on the Way-How to See What le to be Seen-A City of Hotels Burrounding the Great White City. In Chicago only two hours, and on the way to the Fair. Out from the Grand Pacific, mrough the sooty atmosphere, in the shadow of sky-scraping structures, along Jackson street to the lake front. The grounds are

eight miles away. It is midday. The heat of the sun is overpowering. The streets are filled with perspiring humanity, and the roaring of moving trucks and the clanging of the bells of the cable cars add to the confusion. We are going to the Pair over the Illinois

Central Bailroad. Chauncey M. Derew has said that it is the quickest and most direct route, and Chauncey is right. There are six other ways more or less enjoyable, but all at a waste of time. The Illinois Central does the distance in less than a quarter of the time by any other route. The cable cars and elevated trains are always overcrowded. It takes them a full hour, with all their stops, to reach the grounds. The horse cars are still worse. More than an hour to reach the goal is required by the steamboat, and still more time If you are booked for a coach or hire a back.

The Illinois train makes the trip direct without a stop in fifteen minutes. The train leaves within a stone's throw of the Auditorium Hotel. A party, headed by Charles H. Cummings. recently left the Art building in the Pair grounds at a quarter past 2 P. M., and stood within the corridor of the Grand Pacific at five minutes of 3. It was a ten minutes' walk to the train, a five minutes' wait for the train, a fifteen minutes' ride in the train, and a ten minntes' walk from the train, all at ten cents a head.

But here we are at the lake front, near the Leland Hotel, on our way to the Exposition. The Illinois Central track runs along the shore of Lake Michigan to the Fair. It makes no stop on the way. As we turn out of Jack-on street we face the blue waters of the lake. They are dotted with ships and steamboats. Afar off, four miles away, you see the water works by which the city receives its supply. We are on the edge of the great smoky city. Fronting the railroad tracks there is a narrow bark of an emerald hue, and beyond them the blue watery waste. The grassy plot is free Workingmen, tramps, and others are stretched upon the sward in the shade of the small trees, wooing the breezes from the lake in their slumbers. A huge bridge spans the tracks on our right, and further adown the bark a colessal statue of Columbus surveys the scene. The bridge not only leads to an un-covered railroad depot, but it feeds passengers to the adjacent steam to t pier. It is a great lumbering bridge with stateways. Chicago virsuosos term it a viaduet. It is decorated with soiled streamers, and many flags and banners. The pier is checkered with pens, into which the steamboat passengers are entired. Wee to the man who gets into the wrong pen. Misled by a sign announcing the sailing of a boat every fifteen minutes, he buys a ticket. It takes him to a pen, where he may wait nearly two hours for a boat. It is too late for him to back out, as his ticket is good only for the day purchased. There are two steamboat transportation lines. He has the wrong ticket for prompt service, and is forced to wait or lose his Nor is he solaced by the brass band pear the bulkhead. It tries to fill his ears with music, but its blare is drowned in the rumbling of the cars and the roaring of the

Here at the entrance of the bridge are half a dozen slate-colored booths. There is a crowd around them. You fancy them to be railroad eket offices. Nothing of the kind. Only tickets of entrance to the Fair grounds are sold. While tickets are being bought, face the city and glance around you. Within a stone's throw stands the building in which James G. Blaine was nominated for President of the United States in 1884. Away to your right, three blocks away, stood the structure in which imperialism, in the guise of a third term for the Presidency, met its fate. It was here that the doom of Roscoe Conkling was sealed by the nomination of James A. Garfield. Further along is the vacancy occupied by the great unsightly wigwam of a year ago, in which for the third time Grover Cleveland received the Democratic nomination. And there is plenty of room for the erection of wigwams

The scone here at the bridge is one of great hansoms runs to the curb. As fast as the passongers alight their places are taken by others. The crowd eddies around the booths and pours lake rolls the smoke and soot back into the city, and the waters beyond the pier ripple in the sunlight. Sprightly newsboys and lay the crowd as it moves over the bridge. The tooting of post horns is heard on the avenue along the lake front. A huge coaching party is rumbling along on its way to the Fair. There are six horses to the coach, and a California driver is cracking his whip over the ears of

Across the bridge, here are the stairways leading down to the trains and the steamboat piers. Runners for the different routes fill your ears with their eries. Each praises his line. The railroad runger warms those who can't swim and who are subject to seasickness against the steamboat service, and the steamboat runner descants on the horrors of the cattie cars used by the Illinois Central Company. You descend the steps on the right, and find yourself in a narrow passage filled with little the, and shut in with high picket fences. It leads to the cars through turnstiles. There are ten of the flexet booths. They can supply a thousand tickets every ten minutes. The trains leave on ten-minute schedules. The sars look like the open cars on horse car soads. The passengers are shut in by an iron bar, fastened when the train is ready to start. There is very little difficulty in securing a seat. The crowd is carried away as fast us it gathers. As you rattle off toward Jackson Park you are fanned by the lake breeze. On your right is Michigan avenue and on your left open piers and bulkheads. covered with fishermen. Rod in hand, they sit, with dangling legs, putting in yellow perch from three to five inches long. Among them are fellows with nest twenty feet in circumference. The nets are rigged upon scantling, which project over the water. A net is lowered by a wheel near the butt of the scantling. But is tied to the centre messies, and at intervals the net is raised by the wheel. The first which project over the water. A net is lowered by a wheel near the butt of the scantling.
Battis tied to the centre meshes, and at intervals the net is raised by the wheel. The fish
within it are gathered with the aid of a longbandled scoop net. There are millions of these
perch along the bulkhead. You can have the m
served iresh at almost any hotel, and they have
a toothsome flavor.

Refore you leave the shores of the lake you
pass the bronze group recently erected by
fleoring D. Fullman, marking the scene of the
Indian massacre at Fort Dearnorm, it stands
on the right of the track not many blocks removed from the meanument erected in memory

Indian massacre at Fort Dearson. It stands on the right of the track not many blocks removed from the monument erected in memory of Stephen A. Douglas, also visible from the ears. The latter is a fall shaft surmounted by a statue of the great Illinois Democrat.

As I leave the lake when nearing the Fair grounds and find yourself in a city of hotels. They have sprus up in overy direction, like mushrooms at night. Very few are of a substantial structure. There are sew brick buildings among them, but nine out of ten are frame buildings, fifmsy in construction and death traps in case of fire. They are of all shapes, sizes, and conditions. A few have pleasant verandas and appear to offer firsteless accommodations, but many of them are huge clapboard shantles, filled with sleeping apartments. You can see the bedposts through the windows and get an idea of the service from the serim curtains. One hotel near the grounds looks like a huge wooden barrack exceed for army recruits; yet it bears the name of a dead President of the United States. The names of others evidently indicate the nationality of the proprietors. There are French, German, Spaniah, Russian, Swedish, Norwegian, Swins, and Hungarian hotels. Many are incomplete and unopened. Others are open and incomplete. Above all towers Steele Mickays's great unfinished spectatorium, near the shores of the lake, looking like the grandfather of all hotels. It is covered with miles of seaffolding. d special towers of the shores of d special region of the shores of all looking like the grandfather of all looking like the grandfathing.

Quite Another Thing to Get to the Fair-

tive of the fate of the Fair than this huge shell. It is said that it represents \$500,000 more to complete it. The stockholders have given up the job, and the great edidee is failing into ruins. As it stands, it is perhaps the leading curiosity of the Fair. Certain it is that it has given rise to more comment than any of the great white temples on the grounds.

In the centre of this great nest of hotels the train stope. It is near the Sixticth street entrance to the Exposition. The great white domes and façades of the white city are before you, and its waterways and elevated road, you land upon an elevated road since you left the shore of the lake. Here is the Midway Flaisance, the greatest attraction of the Fair, below you. It branches off from the main Exposition like the limb of a tree. The avenue of the Flaisance in the below you in the garish light of the sun, filled with visitors, but looking hot and uncomfortable.

You drift along the platform, denced the Fair and gasting and entrance to the Fair. You drift along the platform, denced the Fair and passing under the railroad take the route feet and an entrance to the Fair. A region in was an open space. Now it is fined with little low wooden buildings, the shelter of secres of fakirs. They throng the sidewalks, urging their warve and curiosities upon your attention. They are of all races and conditions. Some are as importunate as the pullers-in of Baxter street, and others as suavon as the "R-a-Orse" man of the Jersey ferries. The latest toys and all sorts of foreign knick-knacks are pressed upon you. Canes, blue eyeglasses, Java hats, automatons of all kinds and thousands of books of the Fair are offered for s.ic. Candy, ice cream, seda wator, sweet cider, orange wine, and all varieties of decections seduce the thirsty wayfarer. Sausages, sandwhehes, and fruits of all kinds are there. Each fair loads the air with his cries, and the gaunited for two blocks, and cross the street had a contrary the sound of the fair and content of the search of the fair and

with the rod and reel search for the lish exhibit of the United States Government and its pictures que aquariums.

The visitor to the Fair may study his maps by the hour in an effort to encompass the grounds. In the end nothing but practical experience will teach him its ways and byways. He may at first travel a mile to reach a spot with: 189 rods of the starting point, but he will never do it after a week's sejourn at the Fair. The Fair is a city of itself. A stranger in Boston is no more at sea in threating its streets than a stranger at the Fair. It takes several days for the visitor to gather his bearings and teel perfectly at home. An inking of the situation may be gained by two tries over the intramural or elevated road. The motive power is electricity. The road traverses the outer rim of the grounds. It winds around the grounds like the loop of a capital C. The north loop is at the head of the letter and the south loop at the tail. In a double trip the visitor gets a fair view of the grounds and buildings. He should supplement it, however, by a double trip in the electric launches. The waterway rims another part of the grounds. By it you are placed within a short distance of nearly every landiding. It takes agardy an hour to do the journey with a launch, and not more than half that time by the intramural road. The fare by the first is 25 cents, and by the latter 10 cents.

It will thus be seen that it is one thing to get

It was during the time when the batteries were firing shell at the two targets, which looked like tiny handkerchiefs on the water. they were so far away. A good shot was fired, and the spectators were applauding the excellent marksmanship, and the Colonel stepped up to the gun to commend the gunner. when, without cause or without knowing why, the memory of a similar shot which had been fired twenty-nine years ago, almost to the very day. flashed into his mind, when he had stepped up to a gunner and complimented him in much

memory of a similar shot which had steeped up to a gunner and complimented him in much the same style.

It was when he was in Fort Malone at the siege of Petersburg, which was known as Fort Damnation," when the shot twenty-nine years before had been fired, and the Fourth of July was almost the anniversary of the very day, listead of white targets for a mark it had been the tops of two Nildey tents, which peeped over the ramparis of Fort "Hell," just opposite Fort "Damnation," They were the tests of the Federal officers. He know that from a deserter who had informed him, also that the officers of the whole command held a daily consultation there, and that they hichael their horses around the tents. Heldhardson was hen a Captain in the life and a coring a pour, and he conceived the less of a coring a pour, and he conceived the less of a coring a pour, and he wanted him to do, and that was to lond and prepare the guns for a special shot which he was going to direct them to make the ensuing day. The young taptail was sure that he had gunners he could depend upon, and to make his triumph complete he asked Gon. Malone to be present when the shots were seen collected around the word was possed around that he had gunners he could depend upon, and to make his triumph complete he asked Gon. Malone to be present when the shots were to he ired.

It was noon the heaxt day when the horses of the Eederal officers were seen collected around the two tents. The gunners were to he ired.

It was noon the next day when the horses of the Eederal officers were seen collected around the two tents. The gunners were to he ired.

It was noon the next day when the horses of the Eederal officers were seen collected around the two shots were in the season of the control of the officers tents was to be attempted.

After a deal of preliminary arrangements the two shots were horse of the summer was the same and the tops of the word was passed around that the destruction of the officers tents was to be attempted.

After a deal of preliminary ar

the that shot?"

The deep feeling of the man was evident, last a moment later he said: "Well, Colonel, you are now teaching your young soldiers to serve the flag for thick my officers laid down the cite of a Kisinet. Let us taken drink."

BRADLEY AND HIS BEACH. FACT AND FUN ABOUT ASBURY PARE AND 1TS ODDITIES.

Girls Must Wenr Stockings When They Bathe, and Men Long Sleeves - The Board Walks for White Lovers Only.

The two boys who were caught while bathing at Ocean Grove with short sleeves on their bathing shirts discovered one of the curlosities of seashore morals in this locality. Three places are in a row and quite close together just here. They are Deal, Asbury Park, and Ocean Grove. At Deal, which was a coast re-sort during the Revolutionary war, the boys could have gone naked into the surf, for there is no one to say them nay. At Asbury Park Mr. Bradley says that all bathing suits shall be such as those he rents, which are of the Rockaway pattern, adopted there by the Irish. the most modest of moderns. But the particular requirement at Asbury Park is that the legs of the trousers shall be long-at least to the knee, and furthered by stockings in the eases of women bathers. It is enough for Mr. bradies to know that in France the women have discarded stockings. It's wear stockings or go dirty in Asbury l'ark. At Ocean Grovo the young lads were driven away to complete their bath eisewhere, because their sleeves were too short. That is the main point at Ocean Grove. The trousers legs are a minor consideration, but the sleeves must be long.

A story is told of a young man who went

bathing at Ocean Grove last summer a d stayed in so long as to attract general attention. Hour after hour he remained in the surf. further out than the general crowd of bathers, and even when 6 o'clock came and the others loft the water to dress for dinner, he still stayed out there, blue and wrinkled and shivering. The bathing master at last swam out to him and asked him why he did "I am waiting till dark," said the bather. "I

have lost my trousers. I cannot find them anywhere on the bottom, so I must stay here

"That is too bad," said the bathing master. "If you had merely lost your shirt, you could swim up to Asbury Park, where they don't care about whether you have a shirt or not. and go ashore and borrow a shirt, but the rules here at the Grove are so strict that you will be arrested if you show y urself."
"But I will drown," said the young man.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't do that," said the bathing master. "Your body would come ashore and make an awful scandat. Eider Stokes would have you put in a felon's grave." "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" the young man wailed.

"I'll tell you," said the bathing master. "Swim down to Deal Beach; it's only stout a mile, and there's no law or decency there. It's a wicked place, where they sell beer. Go there and wade ashore, and I'll send some one to you with a pair of bathing drawers."

Thus the young man's life was saved. Mr. Bradley's organ in Asbury Park attacks the New York newspapers for calling attention to the ear-pier ing, diabolical callione that makes morning, noon, and night there more hideous than those The motive power is electricity. The road traverses the outer most like the loop of a capital to the mounds like the loop of a capital to the mounds like the loop of a capital to the mounds like the loop of a capital to the mounds like the loop of a capital to the mounds like the loop of a capital to the mounds like the loop of a capital to the mounds are supported to the capital to the capital to the mounds are supported to the capital to the portions of the day are allowed to be in any other pleasure resert in the world.

public, and in a way that is creditable and helpful to the prosperity of both. Within a year he has attracted wine attention by an apparent offer to sell the teach to the town for a more song. To part with the beach would be to completely alter and lower the character of the town in which, as the signs on the trees declare, "Mr. Bradley owns nine-tenths of all the unimproved land." This unimproved land is the very best property in the place, for he has managed to build up the place by selling all the interior lots of poorer grade and keeping the excellent strips that front the ocean and that border the three lakes—the very choice land, which will make him a millionaire when he unloads it. Of course, nothing ever came of the great discussion about the sale of the beach to a typical Jersey corporation by a man whose head is full of great moral ideas.

Next, he has been quoted as saying that he is almost of a mind to consider the plan of having one high license saloon and letting its licensee light lifet liquor rather than be himself longer burdened with the light. He may not have said this, but no demial of it has met the widespread discussion it provoked. The fact is, however, that he could not have a high license saloon if he wanted to.

may not have said this, but no denial of it has met the widespread discussion it provoked. The fact is, however, that he could not have a high license saidon if he wanted to. The temperance feature of Ashury Park is in the main the result of the hear neighborhood of Ocean Grove. By special logislation of a sort whose quality has never yet been tested in the courts, Ocean Grove is allowed the protection which the State grants to camp meetings. Ocean Grove is the scene and site of a camp meeting for only ten days in each year, but it claims by legislative enactment immunity from grog shops within a mile of its boundaries as if it were a perjectual camp meeting. When Asbury Park was established close against the north side of Ocean Grove on deeds to land in the new place were given except such as contained a provise that liquor should never be sold thereon. Thus Mr. Bradley only seems to control that situation, for Ocean Grove controls him.

Last year spice followed the teer wag.ms which do an immense trade in Asbury Park in supplying the homes of the residents not

ley only seems to control that situation, for Ocean Grove controls him.

Inst year spice followed the Leer wagons which do an immense trade in Asbury rark in supplying the homes of the residents not only with heer but with all the goods from the wholesale langer stores of such large firms as Milholland & Co. in Long Branch, W. A. French & Co. in Eed Bank, and others of lesser importance. The above-named respectable merchants sell nothing from their wagons, but merely deliver goods ordered by mail or by those who call at their business places. The spices who degged the movements of the wagons were said to be going to publish the mames of the persons at whose houses the wagons stopped. This made a great stir, and was received in such a spirit that at least one well-known New Yorker. A strict total abstainer, declared that if such names were published he would order the wagons to stop and feliver goods at his house in order to test in the courts the legality of such official blackmail and persecution. There was no need for his excitement; no names were ever published.

Now it is said that an especial label has been prepared and is to be pasted on all empty for posting latel, scorching in its printed matter upon the subject of seer bottling and vending. It tells the awful tale of a plumber's boy who got hold of a bottle of lager and came home tipsy. In an alley, owned by Mr. Iradiey, in which empty there bottling have been found, there is a signboard warning beer testiles and other rascals' of the promises.

An order has been issued foundating negroes the right tosit on certain reaches on the loardwalk by thoses. It will be remembered that a Asbury Fark, six years ago, the Southern spirit of white superiority over the dacks reached the highest Notthern point at which it has yet been foulbiled.

walk by the sea. It will be remembered that at Asbury bark, six years ago, the Southern spirit of white superiority over the dacks reached the highest Northern point at which it has yet been exhibited. Meetings were held to protest against the objection to negroes on this same boardwalk. It was not surprising. Monmouth county is the furthest horthern bit of the South. There the gumberry tree is common, the persimmon reaches perfection, and the Spanish moss flings its last and most northerly dead bannors of arrey weed from the branches of the blackbacks. The hegroes love the county, and there are no greater numbers of them in any Southern town than lounge and wrestle and knot together in the streets of fled Bank. Asoury Park has a very great number of them—a great multitude of couples, one of each of which works in the hotels and the other lives upon his or her labor. They are fond of courting in public is what the boardwalk at Asoury Park seems to the for—but it is to be white folks' courting exclusively, it seems.

The intest news is that Mr. Bradley will give

a few days by which the old society of Quakers of Shrewsbury—a hearty and strong company in George Washington's time—may worship in a second-hand church just abandoned by the Presiyterians and renamed the Whittier Church. Or all that the public hears about the rich brushmaker and his pet resort a great deal is lood for humorists and ratirists, but as quite and good order. Mr. Bradley understands that so well that his neighbors compliment him with the frequent remark that he is as shrewd an advertiser as lives. He has offered a watch and chain to the reporter who refrains from calling him "Founder" Bradley, and of course he has been called by that name more than ever before by those who are anxious to prove their ability to buy their own jew-eliry—which is to say by sil the reporters.

He is not supreme in Asbury Park any longer. He owns the best of it and a great part of it, but its regularly incorporated, and has its own boards of officers. It is interesting to see how the baron of the place is meeting the changes which yearly shear him of his power in the place. He is huving land all around his old town—selling lots in the town, and puriting the money in its sui urbs. He aiready owns Bradley Beach, a place like what Asbury Park was when he began to develop it—and only a mile or so to the southward, just below Ocean Grove. He is also heavily interested to the west of Asbury Park, across the railway tracks, by Deal Lake. As long as he lives he will be a great land baron, and by the lime he is of no account in Asbury Park he will have sold out there. He makes few mistakes and many shrewd moves, and he trades on the knowledge that it pays to be-if not too decent, at least as decent as you can.

While he is purchasing property in the suburbs the original townspeople are also buying and putting up houses there. Bradley was very lenient with those who first built in Asbury Park in the sound of this good on now, but many things are breaking up the custom. The landords pat up where and ion the sound of this good on he

WHISKEY DESTROYER JAMES, Career of the Virginia Parson Who Spolled

n World's Fair Exhibit.

From the Washing on Eneming Sto. The Rev. John T. James of Loudoun county, who stepped into the white light of fame at the World's Fair by smashing an exhibit of fine old Irish whiskey, is a well-known character In Virginia. His old neighbors tell many stories of his strange character. He is over 50 years old, and there is a long record of eecentricities behind him. He was born on one of the oldest and best farms in the Loudoun Valley, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, at Snickersville. His father was well to do and gave him a good education, enabling him to attend Ran-dolph-Macon College, where he graduated beforethe war. He chose the ministry as his calling, and in due time was ordained as a Methodist clergyman. He was a man of great

by him in all the consequences. Fortunately no children came to the pair. A son by the first wife was shipped into Londoun county by the mother a few years are, with instructions to the father to take care of him, something he promptly declined to do.

During one of his periods of eccentricity, white at home on the farm, James wanted money for gambling purposes. His father and mother refused to give him any and he could not borrow. One morning he wholly disappeared. At last his mother descried him in the top of a tall oak free. She called out to him to come into the house and lie down a while.

"If you will give me \$100," he rejdied, "I will come down. If you don't f will three my-

"If you will give me \$100." he replied, "I will come down. If you don't I will throw myself down. A man might as well break his neck
as be penniless."

The frencied mother, wringing her hands
and crying, hegged him not to carry out his
rash threat and agreed to give him all the
money she had and get enough more of his
father to make up a hundred dollars. She did
it, and he promptly proceeded to lose it in an
all-night game of poker in one of the gin mills
up in the mountains.

At another time he was sotzed with a frantic
determination to last for forty days and nights,
not only to prove to his neighbors that it was
possible to go without food for that length of
time, but to do penance for his sin ulness in
backshiding. He went up into the mountain,
advertising his intention as he bassed from
liqueete house, and selected a well-known spot,

backsilding. He went up into the mountain, advertising his intention as he bassed from house to house, and selected a well-known spot, where for many days he received a motley gathering of curious and scotling mountaineers. The crowd finally began to take liberties with the faster, and as the playfulness of the unbelleving mountaineers became rougher and coarset, he took refuge in a big black walnut tree, climbing up as high as he could and keep a comfortable seat. The crowd squarted around the tree, and arranging relays, kept James on his perch night and day until he was nearly dead with hurger. Before this his fast had been a sham, as it was learned that he had gone by night and god food from different colored families in the vicinity. When his rude mountain congregation, however, surrounded his tree, and told him to get right down to business and actually fast or they would strip him and give him a taste of Blue Ridge hickory, the test became too severe and he surrendeed, came down and went off home, followed by the jibes and yells of the delighted witnesses of his folty.

For two or three years James has taught school in Snickersville and Aldie. He is a scholarly man notwithstanding his pseuliarities, and he has teen a successful teacher. His authority in school is excelent, for he is known as a man not to be trifled with. He has had numerous personal encounters, carries a gan, and is regarded as a dead shot. Some years ago he had trouble with Squire Throckmorton at Snickersvile, and to provoke the Squire, who is a nervy man, into a challenge, published a most scandalo, a pamphiet,

A SEAT, MADIM.

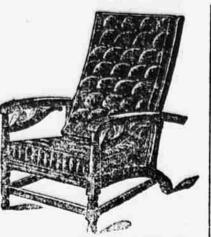
New Jers y Commuters Solve a Problem o Go d Mereding and Politeness.

A Parisian newspaper, quoted in Monday's Sun, says that it shows a want of good breeding for a lady to permit a gentleman to give her his sent in a crowded public conveyance and adds: "Nothing can be more annoying for seated travellers than this mutual exchange of so-called courtesies and congratulations which goes on at their knees and threatens their feet, perhaps more or less afflicted with corns. Remain seated, gentle men. Remain scated." If the Frenchman who wrote this had ever gone through the exbranches of the blackjacks. The hegroes love the county, and there are no greater numbers of them in any Southern town than honge and wrestle and knot together in the streets of field Bank. Asbury Park has a very great numbers of them—a great multitude of couples, one of each of which works in the botels and the other lives upon his or her labor. They are fond of courting in public and courting in public is what the bosrdwalk at Asbury Park seems to be for—but it is to be white folks courting exclusively, it seems.

The intest news is that Mr. Bradley will give a fine plot of ground to the Jews if they will site nearly opposite to him, and then, without demonstration of any sort he simply rises as fine plot of ground to the Jews if they will site nearly opposite to him, and then, without demonstration of any sort he simply rises as the down or stand un as she prefers, and the gentleman runs no risk of a -nub.

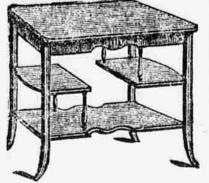
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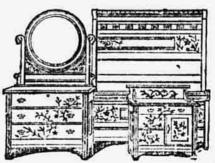
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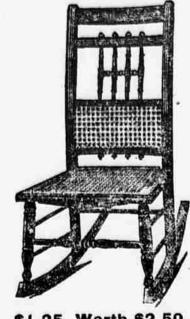
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Solid Antique Oak Chamber Suit, French Bevel Plate Mirror; other patterns from \$10 up.



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Ladies' Rocker, cane seat and back; other patterns.



Ladies' Dressing Table, solid quartered Oak, French Bevel Plate.



Woven Wire Cot, Head and Foot



\$15.00, Worth \$30.00. Combination Bookease and Desk, French Bevel Plate, solid Oak other patterns.



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JACK TAR'S GROG ASHORE.

Why He Imbibes More Freely than Aboard Ship-Shore Temptations.

New York city has seen more sailors during he last twelve months than ever before. There have been mariners in our streets from every land and clime, and, generally speaking, New York's nautical guests have been welcome. An undue proportion of them, however, have found their way to the police courts or station houses. The Russian sailors, especially, have been turbulently happy. One squad was arpretty women they met on the street. They resisted arrest, and it required four policemen, reinforced by a wagon and two horses, to take them to police station. Another squad raided a down-town tenement. Many sallors have shown themselves bolsterous, but this applies to sallors of all nationalities. Ameri-cans not exempt.

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A man familiar with the ways of tars (jolly

have shown themselves bolsterous, but this applies to sailors of all nationalities, Americans not exempt.

A man familiar with the ways of tars fieldy and otherwise, who never received an academic degree and could not probably pass a civil service examination, explains the matter as follows:

"Sailors are not more intemperate than other classes of men. They are if anything, less so, for they drink constantly on shiphoard, and a given amount at stated intervals. The sailor does not measure out his grog. He is relieved of that task. It is measured for him, and as few sailors while at sea go without drinking, few also drink to excess.

"How then do I account for the drunkenness of sailors on shore? It is very simple. When at sea they breathe a moist atmosphere heavily impregnated with sait. In an atmosphere of this kind it is possible for a man in good health to consume large quantities of strong spirits without having any serious effect upon him. He drinks as a matter of course, and, I think, drinking does him good. Sait is a great preservative. Sait water is one of the healthlest things known. Saity air is the foe of drunkenness. When, however, a sailor gets on shore he does not take into consideration usually brings him, sooner or later, into conflict with pedestrians or the police.

"Persons who do not understand the matter wonder why it is that a flors who are constantly drinking at sea, without any lifefects which are visible, can stand so little liquor in accordance with the depth of his purse, and human nature is the same the world over; a restriction removed, ifecuse, for the time at least, is the result, and Jack Tar on shore, untrammelied by the can stand.

"The sailor is a generally misunderstood character in the United States. Except on the New Hingland coast we have few mative-torm American sailors. The ships in our big harbors are manned by Norwegians, Germans, Swedes, Englishmen, Danes, and Scotchmen for the most part. Hence, seeing alm as a siringer and not knowing him as a fellow citizen, we laif

And All the Bridgerooms Colonels,

It is said that there were eight marriages in It is said that there were eight marriages in Washington county recently the same day, and that six of the brides were sistors; one was an aunt of them and the other a cousin. There were also three marriages near Tennile the same day, and the brides there were distantly related to those at Sandersville.

"Well," said the lawyer to the rural Justice. "You sent for me?"
"Yes," said the Justice. "I want advice about this here prisoner. He's been ketched stealin' hogs, ar' is I hain't got no law hook, I don't know et 'm entitled to lynch him er not!" A MAPLE DINNER IN JAPAN.

Maple Was Everywhere Except in the Food that Was Served.

Japanese club men have some things to be thankful for. At a dinner recently at the Maple Club in Toklo both members and on the entrance stairs and removed their boots. On entering the guests were presented with art books, bound in yellow silk. The Maple Club they found to be very much maple; ceilings and floors were of the wood; white silk panels, and the little charcoal stores were all ornamented with maple leaves. One dado had them in spring tints, another in autumn colors, and even the balcony had a maple-leaf balustrade.

soft matting, but was quite innocent of furniture. Big slik cushions were the substitutes for chaits. The guests did their best to sit down on their heels, native fashion, and were then served with washy looking, but wormwood fashing, green tea. Fascinating gif attendants—the prutitiest to be found in Japan—served, one girl to each diner. They made waiting as picturesque as a dance. They entered without a sound, glided up to the guests, drupped on their knees, and continued kneeling, with downcast cres, until those they were serving were ready to be helped. After the teathey brought white cakes wrapped in delicaterice paper and flanked with sweetment made leaves. These are said to keep four months, but they last Europeans longer. Then came live fish, white and red; seaweed, raw spinach, and raw shrimps mixed in a rauce; blackfish broth; prawns in batter, served on a plate with quail, which might have been prepared with a blacksmith's lammer: crystialized oranges and winduts; fish cakes made into a paste which looked like pork fat; Japanese polances; caten up with bean flour and sugar till they tasted like marrons ylares; then more fish, served with saited plums and sweet polatoes syruped. All the time the guests were starred in the face by lottles of sake, a straw-colored liquor tasting like dish water.

Suddenly the notes of a Japanese guitar were leard, and the doors of the dancing room were flung open, disclosing women playing on the kota, an instrument six leet long, with violin strings. The dancers were dressed in seariet trocade, made with long sleeves and two tainles, the under one very light, disclosing what estim trousers, which terminated in white linen table shows and etckings all in one. The starting swap was more like posturing or dumb acting. The writhed attitudes showed extraordinary muscular training. After the first dan errical swap and again, fish. A new dancer then entered.

After more ediloise came the tour defore of the whole thing, the matele dance. Everywhere was the sign of the clast, in soft matting, but was quite innocent of furniture. Big slik cushions were the substitutes

THE KING PIKE OF THE CONEMA UGH. Big as a Shark and Tourh as a Gator, He

hending over them.

At the end of the feast whatever food was uniroken was carefully packed in white wooden boxes and given to the guests.

The Commangh valley is in a state of great excitoment over an immense pike that haunts a certain pool of the historic little stream. Wildest stories as to its size have apread over the entire valley, and all the old fishermen have tried to land the big fellow, but he has snapped their lines like so many fureads, and although pounds of ammunition have been wasted on him, he sails about as serenely as ever, apparently unmindful of the bullets that have rained about him like halistones. The pool that is ewned exclusively by his pikeship is at Pack haddle, about fifty miles out on the Pennsylvania line and about one mile east of the Blairsville intersection.

W. P. France, the veteran fisherman of the From the Pilisburgh Dispute),

Conemaugh, who has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad for thirty years, and is now their vardinaster at Bolivar, says that the fish is fully eight feet in length and will probably weigh 150 pounds. He saw him for the first time four years ago, and then he broke a number of heavy lines in trying to land him.

for the first time four years ago, and then he broke a number of heavy lines in trying to land him.

"Tobbie," as the genial yardmaster is generally called, is responsible for the story that a number of hight fleid pieces were used on the giant pike, and scales as big as car wheels were knocked off, but from this the fish did not seem to suffer any serious inconventence.

The pool in which he stays is about itely yards long and about 75 yards wide, and at no point is it less than 20 feet in depth. A number of persons have shot at the pike with iron slugs fully three inches long, but there did not appear to take effect. A party intended to go out from Pitisburgh yesterday to try to catch the fish, but as the water was so muddy the trip was postponed.

As the big tellow has been so harassed lately arrangements have been made so that Fish Warden J. W. Hague will be notified at once if any attempt is made to secure him by unlawful means. This means that the man who takes the prize with other than a rod, hook and line will have to pay \$100 for his fun, as that is the penalty.

What Causes Pimples?

Clogging of the pores or mouths of the sebapeous glands with sebum or oily matter. The plug of sebum in the centre of the pimple is called a blackbend, grub, or comedone. Nature will not allow the clogging of the pores

to continue long, hence,
Inflammation, pain, swelling and redness,
fater pus or matter forms, breaks or is opened, the plug comes out and the pore is once more

There are thousands of these pores in the face slone, any one of which is liable to become clogged by neglect or disease.

What Cures Pimples?

The only reliable preventive and cure, whom not due to a constitutional humor, is

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It contains a mild proportion of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, which enables it to dissolve the sebaccous or olly matter as it forms at the

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